The Land of the Dead, by Stephen Cole

A Big Finish Productions Doctor Who Audio Drama, released Jan 2000

[Part One]

(Strong wind blowing. The Tardis materialises. Scanner turned on.)
DOCTOR: Well, just look at that.
NYSSA: It's beautiful.
DOCTOR: Isn't it? Wide open ice fields stretching out for hundreds of miles.
NYSSA: What's the name of this planet?
DOCTOR: Ah. I'm afraid it's Earth again, actually, Nyssa. A place called Alaska.
NYSSA: Oh, is that near where we left Tegan?
DOCTOR: Oh, no, no. We're a long way from Heathrow. Alaska is the stepping stone between America and Asia, two of Earth's largest continents.
NYSSA: Then where are the people? Doctor, I can't see any dwellings.
DOCTOR: We're probably too far north. It's not the most hospitable of environments, but rich in natural resources like oil. While natives have lived off the land for thousands of years, Tegan's people have really only been interested in Alaska for commercial or strategic
(Beeping.)
DOCTOR: Interesting.
NYSSA: What is?
DOCTOR: Energy reading of some kind. The kind the Tardis can't recognise but seems receptive to. Why should we start picking up some random emission like
NYSSA: Doctor, that looks like smoke rising up from there.
DOCTOR: Too much to come from a cosy fire up the chimney. If only the panning controls were working, we could look down and see what's happening. And if only the audio circuits were more reliable, perhaps we could hear something of what's going on.
(Burble noise.)
NYSSA: Doctor!
(The Tardis dematerialises.)
DOCTOR: Close.
NYSSA: What was it?
DOCTOR: A plane. Not the kind you'd find Tegan stewardessing on. Some kind of light aircraft. Privately chartered, I'd imagine. The pilot clearly wasn't looking where he was going.
NYSSA: I don't suppose he was expecting a large blue box to be hovering in mid-air over Alaska.
DOCTOR: Yes, well. Still, if we didn't expect the unexpected, whatever would become of us.

(Banging noises.)
MONICA: You've been telling me that panelling would be here tomorrow for three weeks now.
SUPPLIER: Tomorrow, okay? Definitely tomorrow. You've got my word on that, okay?
MONICA: Your word as a gentleman or an incompetent? I'm not inclined to believe either any more. Go on, get out of it. God knows it would be quicker to go back to England and get it myself. Oh God, if only.
(Door opens.)
MONICA: Ah, Mister Brett. Good afternoon.
BRETT: Monica.
MONICA: Remind me. We are in the wilds of the North, aren't we, rather than the Wild West? Because I've never encountered so many cowboys.
BRETT: Perhaps we should discuss this somewhere a little more private.
MONICA: I mean, can even you really be so rich as to throw away your cash on idiots like these?
BRETT: Monica, you know the problems we've been having getting hold of our more specialist materials. Persist in terrifying our suppliers like that and they'll never deliver anything.
MONICA: We'd be hard pressed to notice the difference. I mean, three weeks, for God's sake? This job's taken three years of my life from me, knocked another twenty off in stress, and still

the delays go on.
BRETT: Monica, I appreciate you're a little exasperated with conditions here, but since we're in the Land of the Midnight Sun, perhaps you could let a little of it filter through to brighten your disposition, hmm? Why you even insist on remaining baffles me. Your plans have been worked out quite accurately. Gaborik is perfectly capable of chivvying the work along in your absence. You've not had a proper break for six months now. Are all interior designers so strict with themselves?
MONICA: All right, all right. Sorry. Strop over. It's just, I don't know, this place, there's something about it.
BRETT: The area holds a particular charm, I agree.
MONICA: It's not that. I can't wait to get back to grass stains, hay fever and gnat bites, believe me.
BRETT: Well, Monica, four more months and the entire installation will be more or less complete. The work mustn't suffer. I keep telling you, take a break now and return for the final stages.
MONICA: Take a break and do what? I've abandoned all pretence at having anything approaching a life for so long now. I can't start picking up the pieces back home until this project is over.
BRETT: Have it your own way. In the meantime, I'll get Gaborik to check those supply dates. We're so close now. So close.

(The Tardis materialises. Burbling beeps.)
DOCTOR: Curiouser and curiouser.
NYSSA: We've landed.
DOCTOR: Yes. Same area, different time.
NYSSA: 1994. Doctor, your energy reading is still registering.
DOCTOR: Let me see. Hmm.
NYSSA: We've moved forward about thirty years.
DOCTOR: Almost as if the Tardis was following a scent. These readings suggest the emissions decayed to trace levels soon after we left.
NYSSA: But are increasing quite significantly now.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, but what kind of energy is it, I wonder, hmm? Hard to tell if it really is a power source that the Tardis can't identify, or if
NYSSA: The Tardis simply isn't functioning properly.
DOCTOR: It's an outside chance, I suppose. Speaking about outside, you'd better go and get yourself a warm coat. Oh, and pick up the hand-held tracker from the tool box, could you? We'll need it to trace the source of the emissions.
NYSSA: Is that necessary?
DOCTOR: It's best to check. Besides, aren't you at all curious?

(Heavy footsteps.)
TULUNG: Gaborik, wait up.
GABORIK: Mister Brett wants me to check delivery dates for the furs before he goes.
TULUNG: You've been speaking to Johnny Oldman up at Bethel, haven't you, filling his head with garbage.
GABORIK: Something is the matter?
TULUNG: You know damn well there is. He'd agreed to the sale. Now he's not letting us access his jetty to take away the earth he's already sold us.
GABORIK: Perhaps he has changed his mind.
TULUNG: Perhaps you changed it for him.
GABORIK: He talked to me, sure, but why would I tell him stories? Brett's money feeds my family just as it does you.
TULUNG: Precisely. And when this place is finished, that money dries up, doesn't it, huh? Brett will discard you along with everyone else. Ever since he made you his personal assistant, you've been stirring things up behind his back.
GABORIK: You do not understand, Tulung, because you see the world with one Koyukon eye and one that is American. Your kind will never understand my people.
TULUNG: You are acting for yourself in this, not our people.
GABORIK: Johnny Oldman will act as he will. I have not turned him against you.
TULUNG: Brett knows about the bad feeling you tried to spread in the Koyukon about this

house. It amuses him, you understand that? He doesn't really care. It's a hindrance, sure, but he knows he'll win in the end. It amuses him to think that you, the Koyukon, could ever stand in his way.
GABORIK: If that is true, and as your job here is to run between him and my people, finding ways to make everyone happy, at whose expense is he really gaining his amusement?
(Heavy footsteps recede.)

(Walking on snow.)
DOCTOR: You know, it was Peter the Great that believed there was a part of America beyond Siberia.
NYSSA: These place names don't mean anything to me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: So he sent explorers here. It took them more or less eight years to reach Alaska, and the Captain would only allow his crew ten hours ashore before turning back.
NYSSA: The readings are increasing a fraction. I think we're heading the right way.
DOCTOR: And you know what they found in those ten hours? A blue jay, a bird they knew lived only in America. Proof positive that Peter the Great was right.
NYSSA: Is that a jay there?
DOCTOR: No, that looks like a raven.
(Walking further on.)
DOCTOR: Of course, the raven is the creator god in the beliefs of the Koyukon people, the descendants of the original settlers who came here more than twelve thousand years ago.
NYSSA: Doctor, shush. What's that?
DOCTOR: What's what?
NYSSA: I heard something, like there's something out here, watching us.
DOCTOR: Probably a wayward blue jay, wondering why his ears were burning. Come on.
(Further on.)
DOCTOR: Well, look at that. I bet that's not been built by the locals.
NYSSA: It's a remarkable building.
DOCTOR: And not entirely finished yet, if that scaffolding's anything to go by. But impressive nonetheless. I wonder if they'd give us a guided tour?
NYSSA: Perhaps you can ask. The tracker's indicating we head towards it.
DOCTOR: Why am I not entirely surprised at that.
NYSSA: Will we get there by nightfall, do you think?
DOCTOR: Perhaps. You know, in summer here the sun never sets. Of course, Alaska is so named from the Aleutian word Alyeska, meaning The Great Land.

TULUNG: Johnny Oldman can be talked around, Brett. Give me time with him. Brett?
BRETT: There was a time when I didn't mind the endless wrestling with the Koyukon. I almost welcomed the setbacks. Each was something to be overcome, something to feel good about, each another victory, another step closer.
TULUNG: But now you worry you're too close.
BRETT: You know me better than anyone, don't you, little Tulung. Always so very dependable. Oh, I'm tired. It's taken so much to make this place happen.
TULUNG: You worry what's going to happen to you when it's over.
BRETT: And what will become of you, little Tulung?
TULUNG: My work here will be done, but I still belong. I'll always have my place here with the Koyukon.
BRETT: Oh, well said, but not really all that convincing. Look at you standing there. Even know you feel the mixed blood that flows through your veins pulling you this way and that. No peace, only conflict. But you don't belong to the Koyukon. You don't even belong to the white man. You belong to me. You feel that deep down, don't you, little Tulung, hmm?

NYSSA: I do wish you had a brighter torch.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Batteries must be wearing down a little. Well, at least it's doubtful we'll step in anything unpleasant out here.
(Sound of something heavy walking on snow.)
NYSSA: It's there again. That sound.
DOCTOR: Yes. Got to keep moving. This track must lead direct to that building, and if it stays clear, then

(Roar!)
NYSSA: Doctor!
(Animal roars and birds screeching.)
DOCTOR: Nyssa, get behind me.
NYSSA: It's so massive! Is it native to Alaska?
DOCTOR: I doubt it's even native to Earth.
NYSSA: Can you understand us?
(Roar! Screeches.)
NYSSA: We mean you no harm.
DOCTOR: I'm not sure it can say the same.
NYSSA: Doctor, that must be another one behind us. It's been tracking us!
DOCTOR: Or hunting us. We're trapped.
NYSSA: Can we outrun them, do you think?
DOCTOR: We'll have to take that chance. I'll flash the torch at it, try to keep its attention. Circle behind it but keep well clear. Make for the building.
NYSSA: But what about you?
DOCTOR: If I'm not right behind you, see if you can get help. Now quickly!
(Running on snow.)
DOCTOR: Now, let's try and shed a little light on you, shall we? You and your friend here.
(Torch clicking on and off. Snarling.)
DOCTOR: Hmm, what big teeth you have. Perhaps it's not such a shame the torch isn't stronger.
NYSSA: Doctor! Doctor, it's after me!
DOCTOR: While its friend here focuses on me. If I can just overtake on the inside. Come on, Nyssa, quickly, run!

(Monica is humming when a door opens.)
MONICA: What? Oh, hello, Tulung. Don't tread on that paint, it costs a fortune. Everything okay?
TULUNG: Er, yeah. Yeah, thank you, Miss Lewis.
MONICA: You don't seem entirely sure.
TULUNG: It's Brett.
MONICA: Oh, isn't it always?
TULUNG: He seems more distant than ever.
MONICA: Does he? Seems pretty much his usual charming self, knowing what's best for everyone. Poor little rich boy slumming it with us commoners just to get what he wants. God knows what he'll be like when we're finished up here and he has to face up to reality by himself. What's bothering you?
TULUNG: Ah, it's probably nothing. I mean, he's just been, it's like something's changed in him. He's even harder, darker somehow.
MONICA: Well, I don't recall him ever being that big a barrel of laughs, do you?
TULUNG: Perhaps it's me. I take so much from him in the general run of things anyway that I barely notice the aggression, and then he goes and ups it all a notch and I have to adjust. I'll get used to it.
MONICA: You don't have to get used to it. There's still a doorway in the front of this place, you know. I'm an expert. Trust me. They're there to be walked through.
TULUNG: No, not yet.
MONICA: Seems we're all stuck here together. Just can't bear to leave the place, can we.
(Thumping on distant door.)
MONICA: Hell, what's that?
TULUNG: That door you were just talking about, I think. I'll go see what's up. Although you said you're the expert. Perhaps you should go.
MONICA: Mind the paint tins on your way out, Tulung.
TULUNG: Sorry.
MONICA: And don't let whoever it is knock that door down. It'll take weeks to get a new one delivered.

(Knocking on door, footsteps. Door opened.)
GABORIK: What is this? What do you want?
DOCTOR: To come in. Thank you!

GABORIK: Who are you? What do you want?
(Door closed.)
DOCTOR: We're visitors. So sorry to drop by unannounced.
NYSSA: We were attacked. Something out there.
GABORIK: Attacked?
DOCTOR: Yes.
GABORIK: What something? What was it?
DOCTOR: There's no time to explain now. We need flashlights. It may well be coming this way.
GABORIK: Your clothes.
DOCTOR: Quite striking, aren't they? Now, please, you must listen. Something very large and aggressive was lurking out there on the track. I don't suppose you know anything about it?
(Footsteps.)
TULUNG: Strangers.
DOCTOR: Only until we're introduced. I'm the Doctor, this is my friend Nyssa, and as I was saying to your friend here, Mister er
GABORIK: You must leave here. This is private property.
NYSSA: You can't just throw us out to face that thing!
GABORIK: You have no business here.
TULUNG: You have no business yourself, Gaborik, throwing out these people into the night. It is for Mister Brett to decide, is it not?
DOCTOR: Oh, absolutely. Good old Mister Brett.
TULUNG: Fetch him, Gaborik. I'll watch them.
(Footsteps recede.)
NYSSA: Thank you.
DOCTOR: Yes, thank you, Mister er
TULUNG: My name is Tulung. Are you lost?
DOCTOR: Well, I wouldn't say that, exactly.
NYSSA: We know this is Alaska.
TULUNG: Well, welcome to Kyusk.
DOCTOR: I'm sure Mister Brett will be absolutely delighted to see us, but we may find some rather less well-mannered guests dropping by for dinner if whatever's out there is still following us. We need to er. What a terribly lavish reception area. Not very homely though, is it. More like a museum foyer than an entrance hall. No coat stand.
NYSSA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Nyssa, what's wrong?
NYSSA: I'm not sure. My head, it's tingling.
TULUNG: Please, sit down here. You've been running?
DOCTOR: Yes.
TULUNG: Perhaps the exertion and the change of temperature.
DOCTOR: Well, Nyssa?
NYSSA: I'm fine, really. Please, Doctor, we must find out what that thing was.
DOCTOR: Yes, you're quite right. So, Mister Tulung, this is an impressive building. Do you have equally impressive floodlights for the grounds?
TULUNG: I'll switch them on.
DOCTOR: Splendid. If one of those creatures has followed us, at least we should be able to see what we're up against.
NYSSA: Be careful, Doctor. The readings are clearer here. Look.
DOCTOR: Interesting. Whatever it is, we must be right on top of it. Ah, lead on, Mister Tulung.

(Walking on snow.)
DOCTOR: No, not a sign. Perhaps they don't like the light.
TULUNG: Perhaps. And you've seen nothing like these animals before?
DOCTOR: No, I don't believe I have.
TULUNG: I shall leave the lights on.
DOCTOR: Good idea. In the morning we can hunt for tracks.
TULUNG: In the morning? You mean to stay here?
DOCTOR: Ah. I might prevail upon the good nature of our host, yes.
TULUNG: I see.

DOCTOR: Our transport isn't er, always that reliable, and given our recent experience out there.

(Door opens, footsteps, door closes.)
NYSSA: Well?
DOCTOR: Nothing.
NYSSA: I can't say I'm not relieved.
DOCTOR: How are you feeling?
NYSSA: Better, thank you.
(Footsteps.)
GABORIK: Mister Brett invites you to the drawing room.
DOCTOR: How very pleasant of him.
GABORIK: Take them there, Tulung. I have business to attend to.
(Footsteps recede.)
NYSSA: I don't think your friend likes us much.
TULUNG: Gaborik doesn't like anyone, and few care for him in return. He holds little respect for the ways of our people, unless it suits him. But come, we'll be more comfortable in the drawing room.

(Fire crackling.)
DOCTOR: Well, this is cosy. Thank you, Tulung. It's a large house. Do you stay here too?
TULUNG: Yes, sometimes. There are many guest rooms in the annex here, but I have lodgings at Evansville a few miles away. I prefer it there.
NYSSA: This room, the furnishings, the whole style of it is so different to the hall downstairs. Still, it doesn't feel much like a home.
TULUNG: It was never intended to be. Home is where the heart is. There's no heart in this place, only shadows. Brett had it built for nothing.
DOCTOR: He likes the area?
TULUNG: It's made him a rich man. He's a millionaire a dozen times over now, thanks to Alaskan oil, but yeah, yeah, the area has a special significance.
DOCTOR: The site itself, there's something unusual about it?
TULUNG: His father died not far from here, same place my own dad died.
NYSSA: I'm so sorry.
DOCTOR: I take it that's Brett senior hanging up above the mantelpiece there.
TULUNG: That's right. This place is far more than just somewhere to stay. It's a monument, a kind of mausoleum if you like, a tribute to Brett's father and his all-consuming passion for the land and its secrets.
DOCTOR: He was an archaeologist?
TULUNG: It was his hobby. He used to joke that he'd dig up Alaska any way he could, but for my father. He was a professional. These lands are rich in fossils buried deep in the permafrost. My father was from Colorado, but he spent much of his life out here. It wasn't easy, especially after he married a Koyukon. We moved about all over the state when I was a kid, always chasing more funding, another dig.
NYSSA: And that's how you and Mister Brett first met?
TULUNG: Yeah. And how my father died. What Brett's father lacked in knowledge and ability, he made up for in cash. He funded the digs, but he made damn sure everyone knew who was calling the shots. That's one trait he passed on to his son.
(Door opens and closes.)
BRETT: An admirable trait, in my view. Everyone knows so clearly where they stand, don't they, little Tulung.
DOCTOR: How do you do? I'm the Doctor.
BRETT: Shaun Brett. And you, my dear?
NYSSA: My name is Nyssa. Thank you for your hospitality.
BRETT: It's a most delightful pleasure for me to have company. This is such a solitary place. How came you to be here in Koyukuk? You're dressed for a game of cricket, I see.
DOCTOR: Yes, sadly called off. Due to snow, apparently.
BRETT: My assistant says you were pursued out there.
DOCTOR: Something like that. Tell me, do you know this area well?
BRETT: I do.
TULUNG: He's hoarding great chunks of it downstairs.

BRETT: I am cherishing this area, shall we say.
DOCTOR: So you'd notice anything unusual about it?
BRETT: Would you care to be shown around downstairs, Doctor, to experience a little of the landscape?
DOCTOR: I'm sorry?
BRETT: Do join me, please. And you, Miss Nyssa.
DOCTOR: Nyssa?
NYSSA: My head, neck. I'm sorry, I think I'll stay here.
TULUNG: I'll wait with you.
BRETT: Do so, little Tulung. We'll not be long.
NYSSA: (sotto) Doctor, what about the tracker, the energy readings?
DOCTOR: (sotto) That's exactly why I think I should take a look around. (normal) Lead on, Mister Brett.
(Footsteps recede, door opens.)
TULUNG: Little Tulung.
NYSSA: He seems a very cold man.
TULUNG: My mother used to say he carries the chill of the lands with him. It's buried in him, like my father's buried out there.
NYSSA: Tulung, I know what it is to lose a father, to lose so much more than that. What happened?
TULUNG: There's not a lot to tell. I was ten, Brett was twelve. It was 1964.
NYSSA: Thirty years ago. I'm sorry. Please, go on.
TULUNG: (sighs) The dig was only a couple of miles from here. They'd found something. My father was excited, terribly excited. But there was a cave-in, something went wrong, something Brett's father never ever talked about, not to anyone. But he was the only one who walked away from that dig alive.

BRETT: And this is the Stone room.
DOCTOR: Everything's solid rock.
BRETT: Naturally. Floor, walls, ceiling, furniture.
DOCTOR: And all local materials?
BRETT: The raw stuff of the area. What better to convey my father's admiration for the lands he embraced so warmly.
DOCTOR: And what better than these lanterns to illuminate it all by. Terribly atmospheric.
BRETT: Reverent, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry. Of course. So, a Timber room, an Earth room.
BRETT: I have a room in progress that will be fashioned purely from ice garnered from the Arctic shores.
DOCTOR: Chilly.
BRETT: All aspects of the lands must be reflected, Doctor, for this to be a truly fitting monument. I use wholly natural resources or nothing at all.
DOCTOR: Hmm. And the Koyukon don't mind you carving up great chunks of their land?
BRETT: There Tulung is of use to me. He helps the Koyukon see I am respectful to their lands.
DOCTOR: And Gaborik?
BRETT: Further local colour. He is a somewhat political appointment, I must confess.
DOCTOR: Useful in convincing the Koyukon that you can all work together.
BRETT: Particularly when I'm paying them all so well for their contributions.
DOCTOR: Ah, the age-old conflict. Tradition and progress.
BRETT: Here, I unite them. Doctor, under one roof. The twin watchwords of my father. He uncovered the past and made it his own.
DOCTOR: But was it his to take?
BRETT: And now, if you'd follow me, I shall show you my greatest achievement.

BRETT: My Sea room.
DOCTOR: Shame it's so cold. You'd always have somewhere to lay your beach towel.
BRETT: Remarkable, isn't it? The house is actually build into the rock face. It forms the far wall there.
DOCTOR: And is the rest of the landscape so genuine?
BRETT: Five hundred thousand gallons of Arctic seawater and an actual stretch of coastline, all transplanted and reconstructed.

DOCTOR: You even have your own virtual tides.
BRETT: Keyed to the movement of our holographic moon. There's even sea life here. Seals, walruses.
DOCTOR: Oh, I'm sure they appreciate it all far more than the real thing. Perhaps that's why we can't see any of them today.
BRETT: You don't approve, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh, it's an extraordinary achievement, absolutely. It's only the context I question.
BRETT: I can show you someone who would argue that's precisely the point. It's her vision and skill that has brought my dreams to fruition. Perhaps you'd like to meet her?

BRETT: Doctor, may I present Monica Lewis, a most gifted interior designer. Monica, this is my guest for the evening, Doctor
DOCTOR: How do you do?
MONICA: I do fine, thank you, Doctor. A guest, eh? Can't remember when one of those last came to call.
DOCTOR: I imagine you're a little cut off here.
MONICA: Mind the paint.
DOCTOR: It's a little dangerous piled up there, isn't it?
MONICA: Is your friend from Health and Safety, Mister Brett?
BRETT: The Doctor and his friend upstairs are travellers who ran into trouble.
DOCTOR: We so often do. You're the architect of all this, I take it, Miss Lewis.
MONICA: Amongst other things.
DOCTOR: From England?
MONICA: Right. You too?
DOCTOR: Er, not exactly. You know, I'd say your larder here could use a good clean out, Mister Brett.
BRETT: (laughs) Not at all, Doctor. This is my Bone room.
DOCTOR: Isn't that taking your interest in natural materials a little far?
BRETT: This house simply won't be complete without it.
MONICA: Gruesome, isn't it? Gives me nightmares, to be honest. Still, it's a great opportunity. So little provokes a reaction these days.
DOCTOR: And so little is sacred.
BRETT: Your mentioning the larder has reminded me. It's dinner time, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I seem to have lost my appetite.
BRETT: Oh, come, come, Doctor. I insist you dine with me. You and your friend. You too, of course, Monica. We'll spend a pleasant while together.
MONICA: All right, why not?
BRETT: We'll say eight thirty.

NYSSA: That was very nice, Gaborik. Thank you.
DOCTOR: It certainly looked delicious. I'm sorry I wasn't very hungry.
BRETT: Yes, thank you, Gaborik. Workmanlike as ever.
GABORIK: The flesh of the animal was wrong. The taste is not right.
DOCTOR: Really?
MONICA: Glad I'm vegetarian, then. I wouldn't know sea otter from sushi. Great salad though, Gaborik.
GABORIK: It is what they are doing to the sea to get oil that spoils the taste.
DOCTOR: Is it?
BRETT: That's your parochial paranoia speaking again, Gaborik. I shan't allow you to sit at table again if you insist on being so discourteous to the traditions of my Western guests.
GABORIK: Mister Brett.
NYSSA: Please, you shouldn't. There's really no need to
TULUNG: You all right, Nyssa?
NYSSA: I think so.
BRETT: What do you think, Monica? Will these choice table-leavings benefit our Bone room? Oh, it will be a magnificent sight when finished. A shining white chamber, a cage of vertebrae and skulls, a testament to the ancient animal dead.
NYSSA: (nauseous) Please.
BRETT: So squeamish, my dear?
DOCTOR: She's not been well since we got here. Nyssa, look at me. Hmm, you may have a

slight temperature.
MONICA: I could use a little walkabout after all that food. Would you like to come along, Nyssa?
NYSSA: Thank you, I, I think I might.
DOCTOR: Probably just what you need.
(Footsteps recede.)
BRETT: Now, where were we?
TULUNG: You were trying to provoke Gaborik and myself into arguing yet again against your ghoulish vision. The Koyukon
BRETT: It's so sweet when you try and empathise with Gaborik's views.

MONICA: Something's stirring. Maybe this walk wasn't such a good idea. Come on, let's get some sea air. Well, the next best thing. Might cool this fever down a little.
(Doors to the Sea room hiss open.)
NYSSA: The sea. Something from the sea.
MONICA: You're not well, are you? Tell you what, you just rest here. I'll go and tell your friend. He's a doctor.
(Footsteps on sand or snow, door closes. Sound of waves.)
NYSSA: Something from the sea.

TULUNG: You just don't get it, Brett. Animals need to be treated with respect, or they would not give themselves to the hunter.
BRETT: Such tedious superstition.
TULUNG: It's not superstition! It's something that's evolved over thousands of years. The culture, the land, the animals, they can't be separated and packaged up the way you're doing.
BRETT: Listen to your choice of words. Does that sound like a Koyukon to you, Gaborik?
GABORIK: I wouldn't really
BRETT: You're really trying too hard, little Tulung.
TULUNG: I won't let you
DOCTOR: I really to think
(Door opens.)
MONICA: Doctor! I think you'd better take a look
(Whumph noise.)
MONICA: What the hell was that?
DOCTOR: It came from below us.
BRETT: That's the Stone room. Quickly.

MONICA: The whole wall's cracked open. How can that have happened? It's impossible.
BRETT: Well, it evidently has, my dear Monica.
MONICA: I worked on this myself.
BRETT: Am I to blame your handiwork?
MONICA: I wouldn't, if I were you. We'll have to re-render the entire wall. Damn. How deep is it?
DOCTOR: Wait, wait, wait. Let me take a look.
MONICA: What?
DOCTOR: Yes, something's caused that rock to break open.
MONICA: Hold on. I, I can see something inside this split.
DOCTOR: Careful. Yes, you're right. Where's Nyssa?
MONICA: Oh, she wasn't up to walking far. I left her resting in the Sea room.
DOCTOR: I'd better fetch her. Touch nothing, any of you, until we're back. Nothing.
(Footsteps recede.)
BRETT: Cheek of the man.
MONICA: We'd better get a light in here. There's definitely something in the rock.
BRETT: Let me see. Gaborik, fetch a stronger light, man.
TULUNG: The Doctor said we should leave it.
GABORIK: It is bad, I sense it.
MONICA: Looks to be some kind of fossil.

(Sea room doors hiss but do not open.)
DOCTOR: Nyssa? Nyssa, are you all right? The door seems to be stuck.

NYSSA: From the sea. It's so dark in here, so cold.
DOCTOR [OC]: Nyssa! Nyssa, if you can hear me, come to the door..
NYSSA: Doctor, they're coming for me!
DOCTOR [OC]: What's happening, Nyssa?
NYSSA: Creatures, born and reborn. They're all around me. They want to kill, want to kill us all!
DOCTOR [OC]: Nyssa!
(Roar!)

[Part Two]

(Banging on Sea room door.)
GABORIK: What is happening?
DOCTOR: Gaborik, help me, man. There's something wedged up against the door. Nyssa's trapped inside.
NYSSA [OC]: Doctor!
DOCTOR: What are they, Nyssa?
NYSSA [OC]: Too dark.
DOCTOR: Right, together. One, two
(Door pushed.)
DOCTOR: Quickly, come on, again. It's giving.
NYSSA [OC]: One of them's blocking the door.
(Door creaks open a little.)
GABORIK: My leg!
DOCTOR: Watch out. Nyssa, quickly, squeeze through.
NYSSA: Oh, Doctor.
DOCTOR: The door, Gaborik. Help me.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Nyssa?
NYSSA: I'm all right now. They were the same as the creatures that attacked us outside.
DOCTOR: Yes. Gaborik, what sea life has Brett been keeping in there?
GABORIK: (in pain) Native animals. Walrus, sea otter, fur seal.
DOCTOR: And there's no way in or out other than this door?
GABORIK: That is right.
NYSSA: But then that's it. I saw them, when the light spilled in as you opened the door.
DOCTOR: Yes?
NYSSA: They're not natural. Each creature was composed of several living things. I saw eyes all over them, giant teeth, blubbery skin.
DOCTOR: The energy readings here, enough to fuse flesh?
NYSSA: Doctor, they're in such pain. I could feel it.
DOCTOR: And you felt they were hostile?
NYSSA: Yes.
GABORIK: She knows the creatures. She has communed with Sedna.
DOCTOR: Sedna?
GABORIK: The sea-spirit of my people from the distant time. The creatures of the sea were formed of her flesh, grown from the severed joints of her fingers. She was drowned, betrayed by her own father. She sank to the bottom of the sea, and she is there still, ruling over Adlivum.
NYSSA: Adlivum?
GABORIK: The land of the dead.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, it's a lovely story, but it doesn't really explain how vivisection can occur spontaneously in freezing cold water.
GABORIK: It is true, Doctor. It is revenge for the bodies of the animals the woman Lewis uses as decoration. The spirits of these animals know what has become of them. Bad luck will follow, even death.
DOCTOR: What were you doing here, anyway?
GABORIK: Brett wanted me to fetch some lights to see inside the rock. No good will come of

this.
DOCTOR: Perhaps. We'd better go and see.
GABORIK: Tulung knows the culture. The land, the people are one. Perhaps you will believe the same story from a respectable American?

MONICA: That's a tail bone protruding, I'm sure of it. If we pull a little more of this rock away
DOCTOR: No. Don't touch it.
BRETT: You're very proprietorial, Doctor, considering this is my house.
DOCTOR: Aren't I. Listen to me, Brett. Something's happening here that's placing us all in danger, and Nyssa was almost killed in your Sea room.
BRETT: What? Preposterous.
NYSSA: It's true.
TULUNG: What happened, Gaborik?
GABORIK: She saw one of Sedna's familiars.
NYSSA: I saw something unnatural.
GABORIK: Our ancient spirits are stirring.
TULUNG: Nyssa, come outside. I'll fetch you a drink to calm yourself and you can tell me.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Tulung. Now, Gaborik's found us a torch that works. Let me have a look at this fissure.
(Torch clicks on, something swishes.)
MONICA: (gasps) Oh, my God! Oh, my God, what is that thing?
TULUNG: That's no fossil. It's alive, it's moving.
DOCTOR: I think it's trying to pull itself out. Everyone back.
(Swish, swish.)
DOCTOR: If it holds its tail still for long enough, I can get a sample with this.
MONICA: What is that?
DOCTOR: A laser scalpel. Every home should have one. Or will have one. Come on, now, calm down for a moment. There!
(Roar of pain, rocks fall.)
BRETT: What was that?
MONICA: You must have hurt it! It felt that.
DOCTOR: Ow. So did I. It's burning hot.
NYSSA: Doctor, what is it?
DOCTOR: Another candidate for our energy field readings.
BRETT: This has to be some kind of joke. Give it here. But it's just bone, isn't it? How can it be moving about?
DOCTOR: I don't know, but I think we'd better find out. It seems to be held pretty tight in there, whatever it is.
NYSSA: Could the heat from its tail have caused that fissure in the rock?
DOCTOR: Together with some other force.
BRETT: I, I'm locking the door.
DOCTOR: Very sensible. I'll just take a couple of samples of the rock while we're about it.

(Door closed and locked. Occasional sound of tail swishing.)
GABORIK: Mister Brett, I must speak with you.
BRETT: Can't it wait?
GABORIK: No, I must speak to you now.
BRETT: Well, tell me on the way to the Sea room. I want to witness the Doctor's new creatures for myself.
DOCTOR: Be very careful.
BRETT: Of course.
(Footsteps recede.)
TULUNG: Gaborik's really rattled. Believes it's vengeance from the distant time.
MONICA: And you?
TULUNG: No. No, it can't be. There has to be another explanation, doesn't there?
DOCTOR: An open mind. Excellent. I think we're in for a few surprises. Now, Nyssa, this could be right up your street.
NYSSA: What?
DOCTOR: Well, you're the bioelectronics expert.
MONICA: Are you?

NYSSA: You think that might have some bearing on that bone creature?
DOCTOR: Well, it might explain how ossified calcium can become an animated creature. Some kind of bioelectric force.
NYSSA: Occurring naturally?
DOCTOR: I don't know. I just don't know.
NYSSA: It could explain the emissions we picked up.
DOCTOR: But could it explain the cell hybridisation in the creatures in the Sea room?
NYSSA: If that creature in the stone was regenerating itself in some way, that could have been a by-product of the process.
DOCTOR: But why?
MONICA: I'm glad you two know what you're talking about.
DOCTOR: Too many questions, it seems. Where can we find analysing equipment in the Arctic Circle in the middle of the night?
NYSSA: The Tardis?
DOCTOR: You know the journey. It's quite a way and we'd have to leave the road for a good deal of it. We don't know how many hybrids may be out there or understand how this happened to them.
TULUNG: I have some equipment in portakabins a mile or so from here.
DOCTOR: Really? What sort of equipment?
TULUNG: Er, a spectroscope, I think. A lot of the stuff there's just for show. You know, some Koyukon relics and remains were dug up when the Earth room was being made, and we set up a little camp there to study them.
MONICA: No doubt your fathers would have approved.
TULUNG: Well, to be honest, we didn't do much with them, Miss Lewis. It was good PR to make a show of studying the relics and then returning them to the community.
DOCTOR: Well, we must be a little more thorough with this. We'd better leave at once.
MONICA: Is that wise?
DOCTOR: I take it you've got transport, Tulung?
TULUNG: Yeah, a four by four right outside.
DOCTOR: Those creatures aren't fast. In a car or a cabin we should be safe enough.
(Footsteps approach.)
BRETT: Notice.
GABORIK: I will not stay.
BRETT: I can't explain this yet, but surely, man, you're no savage. You can see it's nothing from your superstitions.
GABORIK: The Raven Father is angry. Denying his truth will not save you from his judgement. An evil is stirring, and I, I helped it to happen.
BRETT: Oh, have it your own way, you witless savage. Go on. Go on, get out of here.
DOCTOR: Gentlemen, perhaps we should calm ourselves, hmm?
NYSSA: It's not safe to go outside alone. The creature that hunted us will still be out there.
GABORIK: I will not stay here.
TULUNG: We're taking the four by four to the portakabins down near the Utuskgappa.
BRETT: Oh, are you?
TULUNG: Perhaps you could come?
GABORIK: You wish to use science. Science will not explain this.
MONICA: I wish somebody would.
GABORIK: You strangers, you brought bad luck.
DOCTOR: I hardly think
GABORIK: You brought these creatures with you.
NYSSA: That's not true!
DOCTOR: They're a little large to fit into our pockets, or hadn't you noticed.
TULUNG: The creature was in the rock, Gaborik. How could they
GABORIK: I will listen to no more of this. I am taking my belongings from this place.
(Footsteps recede.)
MONICA: Great. Pretend nothing's happening, that'll help.
DOCTOR: He's scared.
MONICA: He's not the only one.
BRETT: I, I can't
NYSSA: Are you all right?
TULUNG: Brett, you look unwell.

DOCTOR: Let me see. Ah, much the same as you were, Nyssa. A slight fever.
NYSSA: I'm much better now.
DOCTOR: I'm sure you'll be all right too, Mister Brett. You should rest. Tulung?
TULUNG: I'll take him upstairs.
(Footsteps recede.)
NYSSA: When I felt unwell, I felt, I felt like I was being called to.
MONICA: Who by? What were they saying?
NYSSA: I don't know. It wasn't words. I just knew. Could that creature have affected us somehow?
DOCTOR: A side-effect of that energy force, perhaps, or an intended influence?
MONICA: Keep on like this and I'm going to join Gaborik, hiding under the bed.
DOCTOR: We must know more about that thing rattling about in there. If I could just place the genus.
NYSSA: Doctor, why don't I go with Tulung to see what tests I can run at the camp there, while you stay and learn more about whatever that creature is.
DOCTOR: You're sure?
NYSSA: Yes.
DOCTOR: Miss Lewis?
MONICA: Monica.
DOCTOR: Will you go with her?
MONICA: I don't think so. I think staying here's the lesser of two evils on this occasion. Wish it wasn't so dark at night here. No street lamps, no city lights in the distance.
DOCTOR: No, I'm afraid we're rather on our own. Still might as well make the best of it. Cup of tea would be an excellent start.
MONICA: Well, you'll find a kettle and tea bags in the room third on your left down there. Only UHT milk, I'm afraid.
DOCTOR: Ah.
MONICA: I like mine strong, with sugar.
NYSSA: Nothing for me, thank you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Right then.

(More fossil tail swishing in the distance.)
MONICA: Just doesn't stop, does it, even without an audience.
DOCTOR: I do hope Nyssa and Tulung get in touch soon.
MONICA: I love this room. It's so soothing. All this earth.
DOCTOR: Mmm.
MONICA: A garden in a room. Bare nature captured on the cusp of fertility.
DOCTOR: Yes, it's all very clever.
MONICA: Those mosses weren't even there when we first lay in the earth, or those grasses.
DOCTOR: Nature finds a way, usually. Back in the Bone room you mentioned you'd been having nightmares.
MONICA: What? Oh, yeah.
DOCTOR: You've had them often?
MONICA: Recently, yeah.
DOCTOR: Well, what are they like?
MONICA: Oh, it's all rubbish, just kid's stuff. You know, trapped in a room, knowing there's something outside, something closing in. Always wake up before I find out what.
DOCTOR: Hmm. That's quite possibly your own mind's slant on the feeling that's affecting Brett and Nyssa. Some kind of instinctive foreboding. Very interesting.
MONICA: Will I get sick? I was going to be insufferably smug for a moment. I thought it was something they ate.
DOCTOR: Oh dear. The meat. Gaborik said the taste was wrong. If the flesh had been irradiated with the creature's energies, ingesting it could possibly help the effect take hold on the conscious mind.
MONICA: Talk about food poisoning. How much did Tulung have of it?
DOCTOR: I don't know. But the feelings would have been growing stronger with the creature's strength regardless.
MONICA: That's why Nyssa had a funny turn.
DOCTOR: Yes. Well, if Tulung does start to suffer, at least he'll be in good hands.
MONICA: I put the nightmares down to stress, overwork, three years of living in a freezer.

DOCTOR: Brett works you hard?
MONICA: *I* work me hard. He's a bit twisted, but Brett's never bothered me. And with a commission this size, I mean, I know it's a bit unsound, all this tearing up the environment stuff, but that's down to him, isn't it?
DOCTOR: Hmm, isn't it.
MONICA: I mean, the artistic freedom he's given me, the money.
DOCTOR: Your candour does you credit.
MONICA: I won't need credit when I go back home, I'm telling you. And with this in my portfolio. It's all on such a grand scale. It was a dream job when I got it. Fairy tale stuff. Hmm. Fairy tales have happy endings, right?
DOCTOR: Speaking of tails, what's really driven Brett to carry his obsession so far?
MONICA: According to Tulung, a dig that went horribly wrong. Subsidence. The supports weren't strong enough and the roof fell in. The people inside were entombed.
DOCTOR: Including Tulung's father.
MONICA: And Brett's dad was the only one who got out. There was no actual witnesses on the dig site. Brett makes out his dad was running around trying to get help to free all those caught inside, but it was all too late. A tragic accident, that's what the inquest concluded. Others said Brett senior ran off like a scalded cat, or flew off, anyway.
DOCTOR: Flew off? He left the site in a two man plane, a yellow one.
MONICA: I wasn't there.
DOCTOR: And all that smoke we saw on the scanner from a fall-in, and still lingering by the time he was airborne.
MONICA: Anyway, some of the bodies were never found.
DOCTOR: Was Tulung's father among the missing?
MONICA: Mmm, washed away to sea, they said. Nothing was ever proved, but the rumours got about. Did Brett's father a lot of damage, professional and personal. He never really recovered. Died a year or so later. Brett idolised him.
DOCTOR: Hence the obsession. Hence the monument. Hence your involvement.
MONICA: Funny how things turn out, isn't it?

(Wind, diesel engine.)
NYSSA: Why do you stay with Brett, Tulung, after all that happened?
TULUNG: It's because of the past. All along it's been his word against mine as to what happened. My father was a coward, trembling as the rocks fell. His father, the brave leader, trying to save everyone.
NYSSA: So you wait together in case one day you can prove the other wrong once and for all.
TULUNG: You know, yeah, I actually think he blames my father for getting killed and sending his father mad.
NYSSA: And you blame his father in turn.
TULUNG: Shouldn't I?
NYSSA: You both laid that blame first as children.
TULUNG: Nothing's changed, don't you see? My spirit's bound to Brett's and he knows it. I can't move on until I know for sure that I was right.
NYSSA: Tulung, if I told you that a plane *did* fly from the site, would it help you to
TULUNG: How do you know?
NYSSA: The plane was yellow. A number seven was painted on its side. The sky was clear that day.
TULUNG: You did see it. But how?
NYSSA: I can't explain how I know, but you must trust me.
TULUNG: Nyssa, Nyssa, I can't tell you what this means.
NYSSA: Look out!
(Roar, crash! Vehicle slithers to a halt in the snow.)
TULUNG: Mighty Father protect us!
NYSSA: That was one of them!
TULUNG: Did we kill it?
NYSSA: I don't know.
TULUNG: I never meant to.
NYSSA: Tulung, we must keep going.
(The engine won't restart.)
TULUNG: Gaborik was right. The spirits *are* angry.

NYSSA: No! Keep trying.
TULUNG: Oh, it's no good.
(A creature attacks the vehicle.)
NYSSA: And another one!

(Door opens.)
BRETT: (scared) No. No, Father, come back. Dad!
GABORIK: You are arrogant, Brett. It is the Raven Father you should call to, not your own dead. Only he can quell these forces we have brought upon ourselves.
BRETT: Father, don't leave! They're here.
GABORIK: I am leaving. I shall not be returning here.
BRETT: No. Oh, such pain. I can't think, can't even see. Frozen.
(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: Come on, Nyssa. You know, this Earth room of yours would benefit from garden furniture of some kind. Make it much more pleasant.
MONICA: Doctor, is it my imagination, or is that thing getting louder?
DOCTOR: Are there separate walls dividing each room?
MONICA: No. The construction fabrics are so strong any way.
DOCTOR: So they back directly onto each other?
MONICA: Yeah. Stone room to Earth room, Timber room to Bone room. We use thermal sheets to separate them. It helps keep each room's ambient temperature
DOCTOR: How thick are they?
MONICA: Not very. What are you saying?
DOCTOR: We were wrong. It wasn't trying to pull itself out at all.
(Crash! Monica cries out.)
DOCTOR: It was trying to burrow its way through to here.
(Stomping of bony feet.)
MONICA: Look at it.
DOCTOR: It's blocking the door.
MONICA: It's got no eyes, only sockets. How can it see us?
DOCTOR: Hold on.
(Slow footsteps. A roar then stomping.)
DOCTOR: I don't know how it can see us, but it can. Or it senses us, anyway.
MONICA: Look, with its head cocked like that, it's as if it's listening to us.
DOCTOR: It's sizing us up. It won't have seen anything like us before.
MONICA: Those teeth, there must be hundreds of them.
DOCTOR: Yes, it's a saurischian theropod.
MONICA: Sorry?
DOCTOR: A lizard-hipped carnivore, moving on its hind legs.
MONICA: Obviously.
DOCTOR: Which means it's probably fast. And probably quite hungry.

(Gunshots and engine failing to turn over. Creatures approaching.)
TULUNG: It's no good.
NYSSA: We must do it.
(Then the engine catches, and they get wheel spin as they drive off.)
NYSSA: Come on, quickly.
TULUNG: There's one in front.
NYSSA: We've got to get away.
(Thud.)
TULUNG: We killed it.
NYSSA: We didn't have any choice.
TULUNG: You speak with such certainty.
NYSSA: I only know
TULUNG: Gaborik said you'd communed with Sedna, the Sea Spirit.
NYSSA: No, no, it's more complicated than that.
TULUNG: Speak to her again, Nyssa. You can see into the past, search out truths. Reach out to her now. Appease her.

NYSSA: I can't! All we can do is get this bone tested, find out all we can from it and get back to the Doctor before it's too late.

(Bone dinosaur making plaintive noises.)
MONICA: So what do we do?
DOCTOR: Try and crawl through the hole it's made to the other room, slowly as you can, then double back and open the door.
(The dinosaur stomps.)
MONICA: Oh God, I think I'm going to be sick.
(The door opens.)
DOCTOR: No, Gaborik, get back.
(The dinosaur turns.)
GABORIK: Raven Father!
(Stomping.)
GABORIK: No!
MONICA: We've got to get that thing off him.
GABORIK: No!
DOCTOR: Monica, get back.
MONICA: But we can't
DOCTOR: Look.
(Crackling sound.)
MONICA: Oh, my God.
DOCTOR: The energy field that thing gives off, it's strong enough to peel flesh from bone at close range.
MONICA: But how, why?
DOCTOR: So it can eat faster. It's developed a more efficient way of removing meat than simply chewing.
MONICA: And yet the way that it tore at his clothes before.
DOCTOR: Fussy eater? I don't know. Now quickly, up the stairs before it decides it's still hungry. Come on. Go!

(Howling wind. Vehicle arrives, engine is turned off. Doors open and close.)
TULUNG: This is it.
NYSSA: Quickly, we must get inside.
(Walk on snow, open door.)
NYSSA: Where are the lights?
(Door closed.)
TULUNG: Here. Everything's run from a generator below us.
NYSSA: Oh, I'd hoped for more to work with than this equipment. Quite primitive, but I should be able to get some results.
TULUNG: Primitive? This technology's state of the art, for all the good technology can do us now.
NYSSA: The spiritual and the rational, Tulung, remember? Each must lead the other. I'd better get to work.

(Distant roars.)
MONICA: What's it waiting down there for? Why doesn't it come after us?
DOCTOR: Looks a little unsteady on its feet, doesn't it. Spot of indigestion at it's first human, perhaps.
MONICA: Don't use words like first.
(The dinosaur runs off.)
DOCTOR: And there it goes. This must be a very unsettling world to find itself in.
MONICA: Oh, poor little thing.
DOCTOR: You must find Brett, see how he is. We should all stay together.
MONICA: So we can present a three course banquet to it. Perhaps we should all just take our clothes off while we're at it, save it a job.
DOCTOR: Er, I don't think that'll be necessary. We're not ready to become a dinosaur dinner just yet, are we?
MONICA: Neither was poor Gaborik, and look at him. Well, look what happened to him.

DOCTOR: Just fetch Brett, would you?
MONICA: All right.
(Footsteps recede.)
DOCTOR: Now come on, Doctor. Think.

TULUNG: Tell me more truths, Nyssa. What really happened to my father?
NYSSA: I don't know, Tulung, I swear. I can only tell you what I saw.
(Beeps)
NYSSA: Goodness.
TULUNG: What is it?
NYSSA: The Doctor told us, told me, that the dinosaurs died out sixty five million years ago.
TULUNG: So?
NYSSA: I estimate this fragment to be over two hundred and sixty million years old.
TULUNG: And yet that thing is still alive?
NYSSA: We have to find out how that can be.
TULUNG: With this primitive equipment?
NYSSA: With a small amount of ion bonding, I may be able to enhance it.

MONICA: Brett. Brett, wake up.
BRETT: Yes.
MONICA: You have to wake up.
BRETT: Why? Why should I?
MONICA: Because we're in trouble, and because I think the Doctor's the only person who might be able to get us out of it.
BRETT: Everything in the Sea room, all that cold, slippery life. Like the past, like everything I've known, all ruined, changed, dead.
MONICA: There's no time for this.
BRETT: (gasps) Can't you feel it? Ancient death stalking us like animals. Can't you feel it?
MONICA: Yes, I can feel it. I've bloody well seen it. It killed Gaborik, ate him alive. Now are you coming?
BRETT: Dead? Gaborik's dead?

TULUNG: I think I can hear something outside.
NYSSA: Oh, no. Tulung.
TULUNG: Shh. There's something out there, I'm telling you.
NYSSA: We must phone the Doctor.
TULUNG: How can he help us?
NYSSA: I need to tell him what I've discovered.

(Telephone ringing.)
DOCTOR: Nyssa! (walking) This does lead me into the lion's den, rather. If this is a wrong number, I shall not be happy.

(Phone ringing here, too.)
MONICA: That must be the Doctor's friend. Get off me!
BRETT: Something else. Something else stirring down there.

(Telephone answered.)
DOCTOR: Nyssa?
NYSSA [OC]: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Are you all right? You're safe? Tulung's not sick?
NYSSA [OC]: No, no, we're both fine, for now. We ran into more of those hybrid creatures, and now Tulung thinks he can hear something outside.

MONICA: For the last time, Brett, let me go.
(Cracking sound in distance.)
MONICA: Oh, sweet Jesus, not again.

(Big noise.)
DOCTOR: Oh, no. The Stone room again.
NYSSA [OC]: Doctor? Are you there?
DOCTOR: Yes, Nyssa. Quickly, what have you found?
NYSSA [OC]: It's ancient. I estimate those rock samples to be two hundred and sixty million years old.
DOCTOR: What? That's thirty million years before the first dinosaurs. About the time, yes, might fit. Er, go on.
NYSSA [OC]: You were right. It carries a bioelectric field inside itself. Quite a powerful one from the residue left in this sample. That must be how it's able to move.
DOCTOR: Yes, go on. Anything else?
NYSSA [OC]: I think the energy field must be generated by the creature's brain. I can't say whether it will do so intentionally or otherwise.
DOCTOR: It's visual appearance is terrifying enough, but if it developed the ability to affect its prey mentally, yes, an evolutionary breakthrough.
(Roars and approaching stomping.)
DOCTOR: Oh dear.
NYSSA [OC]: What is it?
DOCTOR: The skeletal creature, it's broken free, and we can't stop it.
NYSSA [OC]: What?
DOCTOR: And now it's moving towards me.
NYSSA [OC]: What? How close is it?
DOCTOR: Er, twelve metres or so, but it's, it's, it's changed. It looks bigger than before.
NYSSA [OC]: Bigger? Doctor, you must get out of there.
DOCTOR: And the skeleton looks different. It's moving more upright. The tail is less pronounced.
NYSSA [OC]: Has it seen you?
DOCTOR: Oh yes.
NYSSA [OC]: But how fast is it?
DOCTOR: Very.
NYSSA [OC]: Doctor, you have to get out
DOCTOR: Nyssa, are you there? What's happened? Nyssa!
(Close growling.)
DOCTOR: Ah. Dinnertime so soon.
(Roar!)

[Part Three]

(Telephone receiver dropped. Running.)
MONICA: Doctor. Doctor. Wait, what's wrong with it?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure. It seems to be disorientated.
MONICA: Thank God. Come on, get up here. Not got much stamina, has it?
DOCTOR: I wonder. Of course. The materials.
MONICA: Sorry?
DOCTOR: Downstairs each room's been made from pure materials, often primary resources, correct?
MONICA: Yes.
DOCTOR: That hail from that thing's original time. They've sustained it like a natural incubator, keeping it safe and, well protected, nourishing it. Earth, sandstone, ice seawater.
MONICA: Even the hallway's lined with shot quartz.
DOCTOR: It's been bolstered by the resonances of all those things in proximity. And yet away from there, upstairs, this charming carpet, the varnish on the bannisters
MONICA: Synthetic materials.
DOCTOR: A shock to its system, something it can't understand, like presenting a cave man with a modern alarm clock.
MONICA: So is it dead?
DOCTOR: Stunned, I imagine, but perhaps we can get close enough for a more detailed study.
MONICA: What? It's made of bones and it's horrible. What more do you need to know? Hang on, it's got bigger, hasn't it?
DOCTOR: Yes. The entire curvature of the spine's changed too, and the femurs have

elongated slightly.
MONICA: You mean it's growing.
DOCTOR: I think it's processed the genetic information from Gaborik and used the energy from his body to enhance itself.
MONICA: That's, that is just disgusting. You mean if it ate any more of us
DOCTOR: It could gain more human characteristics, perhaps even intelligence. Hmm. It seems it really is what it eats.
MONICA: But how can something as primitive as that know anything about genetics?
DOCTOR: Oh, it doesn't. But then you don't have to understand exactly how you breathe in and out to be able to just get on with it, do you?
MONICA: If I stay alive long enough, I promise I'll learn.
DOCTOR: Where's Brett? You were going to fetch him, weren't you?
MONICA: He's gone weird. Turned a bit nasty on me. Oh God, Doctor, what about that crash earlier?
DOCTOR: Yes, it seems our friend here may soon have some company.
MONICA: Then we've got to get away.
DOCTOR: And risk these things getting out? No. Anyway, Nyssa and Tulung have taken the transport.
MONICA: Was that them on the phone?
DOCTOR: Yes, but we were cut off. I do hope they're all right.

NYSSA: Doctor? Doctor. Tulung, the phone's dead.
(Rattle of metal sheets.)
TULUNG: They've found us again. They must have done it.
NYSSA: How would they know to cut a phone line?
(Crash, roar.)
NYSSA: Get away from there, Tulung.
TULUNG: No, no, the animals have turned on us.
NYSSA: Come here. You've got the sickness.
TULUNG: Too many beliefs have been broken. We have to give ourselves to the cold now.
NYSSA: Your mind is being affected by some form of energy. It will pass more quickly if you can fight against it.
TULUNG: The countless culls and killing of sea animals.
NYSSA: Energy. Of course. The generator. The energy's confusing them, attracting them.
(Roaring.)
NYSSA: No, get out of my way!

DOCTOR: I wonder how our friend's getting on in there?
MONICA: As long as it isn't getting out.
DOCTOR: Shall we risk a look?
MONICA: No.
DOCTOR: Good. Here we go, then.
(Door opens and closes.)
DOCTOR: Ah. Do not disturb.
MONICA: To think they were hiding in the rock all that time we were handling it.
DOCTOR: Quite possibly you helped to revive them, perhaps by bringing the dormant bodies closer together.
MONICA: Could there be more of them?
DOCTOR: I hope not.
MONICA: Those walls are going to be seriously ruined.

NYSSA: Tulung, help me, please. We've got to switch off the generator. Tulung!
(Roar!)
NYSSA: Ow, my leg!
TULUNG: The animals are around us now. Heaven is distant. This is a dead land. We have to leave them.
NYSSA: If I can just
(Generator powers down.)
NYSSA: Tulung, are you all right? I can't see you.

TULUNG: Nyssa? You made them go away.
NYSSA: I don't think so, but at least they've calmed down. I think the creatures back at the house have done this to them. All I can imagine is that they've made them more sensitive to any sources of energy.
TULUNG: They're still outside.
NYSSA: We have to get back to the Doctor. I'm dreadfully worried about him.
TULUNG: No, we must hide here in the dark, where they can't see us.
NYSSA: That won't work. I said they're sensitive to any energy sources. That includes us.
TULUNG: They mustn't get me, not now that I am so near the truth.
NYSSA: Tulung, we only have to reach your vehicle and drive to the house, and you'll be safe. The Doctor will know what to do.
TULUNG: You stopped them screaming. You'll keep me safe.
NYSSA: I'll do all I can. Now carefully, quietly, we must go.

DOCTOR: Might as well give you a bit of a challenge.
MONICA: Look who I found.
DOCTOR: Nyssa.
MONICA: They're just good friends. Come on, Tulung, help me pile these up.
DOCTOR: You're unharmed.
NYSSA: Just about.
DOCTOR: Did you discover anything else?
NYSSA: There wasn't time. The sea-hybrids attacked us, but we got away.
DOCTOR: Well, the ones in there won't be bothering anyone any more.
NYSSA: The creature's in there?
DOCTOR: Yes, and by the sound of things, it devoured them all. A familiar kill. Now I think it must be resting.
NYSSA: You must tell me what's been happening.
DOCTOR: In a moment. Monica, you and Tulung keep strengthening that barricade. Nyssa and I will start blocking the Stone room.
MONICA: And the Earth room. It can climb through the wall, remember? We're not going to be able to stop them getting out, are we?
DOCTOR: Nyssa?
NYSSA: We could telephone for help.
MONICA: No one could reach us out here before it's way too late.
DOCTOR: Always assuming anyone actually believed what we had to tell them, of course.
MONICA: Maybe we should drive to Anchorage and get help. Better yet, just keep driving until there's forty nine states and Canada between us and this place.
TULUNG: Those monsters are out there, stopped us, nearly killed us.
DOCTOR: This house must be isolated. We can't leave it before we've made it as secure as we can.
TULUNG: We cannot prevent the spirits from leaving if that is their wish.
DOCTOR: They're not spirits, Tulung, they're animals as real as you or I.
TULUNG: No, no, the stories from the distant time are true, coming true again. Sedna's spirit
DOCTOR: It's possible that the creature's energy levels were strong enough to affect the racial unconsciousness of the peoples that first came here, even twenty five thousand years ago. Perhaps the stories were attempts to interpret those feelings.
TULUNG: No. Gaborik was right. Ask him. He will tell you.
NYSSA: Where is Gaborik?
MONICA: Oh.
DOCTOR: Gaborik's dead.
TULUNG: Dead.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid so.
NYSSA: That creature in there.
TULUNG: Where's Brett?
MONICA: He wasn't well. He went outside. We couldn't stop him.
NYSSA: We should find him. He could be hurt.
DOCTOR: And we need his help here.
TULUNG: Gaborik was right. He did not treat the dead with respect, and the dead arose to claim him.
DOCTOR: Tulung, no.

TULUNG: It's true! I must find Brett before he's taken too. I have to confront him with the truth you saw, Nyssa.
NYSSA: Tulung, Brett's not well, and neither are you. You should rest.
TULUNG: There can be no rest for us now. Brett has brought this upon us.
NYSSA: Tulung!
(Footsteps recede.)
DOCTOR: The truth you told him?
NYSSA: I told him about the plane we saw.
DOCTOR: The one carrying Brett's father away from here.
NYSSA: I thought it would help him deal with things.
DOCTOR: Oh, Nyssa.
NYSSA: Why wouldn't he listen to me?
DOCTOR: He's not thinking straight, terrified out of his wits.
MONICA: Perhaps we should start a club.
DOCTOR: And the energy field of that creature in there won't be helping either. It'll only aggravate his fears.
MONICA: And now we're two men down.
DOCTOR: We'll have to work all the harder then, won't we.
MONICA: If these things want to get out, can't we just let them? There's thousands of miles of ice out there. Leave them to it.
DOCTOR: And risk them being able to breed again, forming a colony? Can you imagine thousands of those creatures attacking mankind?
MONICA: All right, all right. How am I ever going to be able to sleep now?
DOCTOR: The nightmares.
MONICA: The bedclothes, they're ruined. Look at them, piled up against the door like draught excluders.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Come on, Nyssa. I'll bring you up to date as we go. We'd better get started.
Not long after you left, we realised the creature was actually tunnelling out of the Stone room and into the Earth room next door.

(Crackling of fire.)
TULUNG: Brett.
BRETT: Hmm? Oh, you surprised me, little Tulung. I wasn't expecting you to come back.
TULUNG: Oh, it's so cold. What are you trying to prove, out here alone. You're crazy.
BRETT: Gaborik is dead.
TULUNG: I know. It's down to you. All of this is down to you.
BRETT: You should approve.
TULUNG: What?
BRETT: This fire.
TULUNG: It's to ward away the creatures?
BRETT: Oh, shame on you. There's food here also. For Gaborik. I know the customs of his people.
TULUNG: Of *our* people. I was a fool to ever try to distance myself from them.
BRETT: When people die, their spirits linger at first. They don't want to go away, don't understand what's happened to them. So we burn their favourite food, so that the smell will make them feel less lonely.
TULUNG: The spirits stay away, but only because they respect your fire. If you're still here when it dies, you'll die too.
BRETT: Die? I know the stories of these lands. I've heard each one a dozen times. My father collected them from native guides. They quite entranced him. Oh, I loved to hear him speak as much as I loved to see the look on his face as he shared the stories with me.
TULUNG: My father told me stories too, but he was never able to tell me of your father's cowardice, and how he left everyone to die.
BRETT: I remember a story now. How the Raven Father began the world, long, long ago, by making men who'd live forever. They were happy, content with their lives. They knew nothing else. Then the Raven Father grew bored. Why make it so easy for man, he thought. Nothing ever happens, it stays exactly the same. So, he determined to make things harder, to make men who would die, and who would never be alive again. Imagine the fear those first mortal men must have felt. Imagine the pain, the confusion of their family, their friends, as they simply ceased to be. Imagine learning of death so suddenly, without warning. And when my father

died, I knew then exactly how the first mortal men had felt, killed by a bored god, a god whose time was running out as progress tore him down from his heaven, who gave up to the world a new way to kill, dredged up from the depths of Adlivum, only my father held it at bay.
TULUNG: What are you saying, Brett?
BRETT: Don't you see? Your Raven Father knew I'd beaten him. He watched me steal his land, wrestle it away, capture his kingdom, humiliated under a man-made roof, behind doors.
TULUNG: I should never have helped you in this. Now we're all gonna die.
BRETT: But that special death never took my father as it did yours, little Tulung. It was the memory of it. The guilt, the fear.
TULUNG: The knowledge of his betrayal.
BRETT: And now it wants to take me, like it tried to take him. And so, this special death crawls out of the ancient mud and the rock of Adlivum to make the land its own again.
TULUNG: The girl, Nyssa. She told me she saw your father's plane leaving the dig, leaving everyone behind.
BRETT: You still don't understand, do you.
TULUNG: And you do?
BRETT: I do now. Come with me.
TULUNG: Where?
BRETT: To the place that binds us. That pit of mud and old bones. To the dig.

(Building barricades with effort.)
NYSSA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes.
NYSSA: Why has nothing like these creatures been uncovered before?
DOCTOR: The first dinosaur fossils were only discovered two hundred years ago. Scientists are digging up new breeds all the time, but nothing they've found could prepare them for this.
NYSSA: You said these creatures lived before the dinosaurs?
DOCTOR: Yes. You know, it's interesting. The accident that wiped out the dinosaurs along with two thirds of life on Earth is quite widely known.
NYSSA: No one knows it better than we do.
DOCTOR: And yet no one seems so interested in the mass extinction that took place on Earth a hundred and eighty five million years earlier. The cataclysm that marks the end of the Permian era and which caused ninety six percent of life here to perish.
NYSSA: You think these creatures were responsible?
DOCTOR: It's feasible. Imagine if a creature evolved so that it devoured and processed energy so fiercely it eventually consumed even its own flesh.
NYSSA: And adapted accordingly.
DOCTOR: Yes. A living thing of intelligent bone and cartilage, capable of generating an energy field to animate itself. Over the millennia, that energy grew stronger. The Permian learnt how to influence the mind of its prey.
NYSSA: Labelling those creatures doesn't make it any less terrifying. What name would you give to those poor hybrid creatures that attacked us?
DOCTOR: We know the Permians have the power to assimilate and incorporate the genetic structure of their victims into their own bodies for their own advantage.
NYSSA: It was Gaborik's DNA that enabled the Permian to grow larger?
DOCTOR: And to adapt to its conditions here better, yes. Perhaps it originated from the sea. Ancient ancestors of the fur seals, the walruses, they must have been the Permian's regular victims, and some kind of empathic link still remains between the species. When the Permians began to revive, the energy field that unscrambles their prey's genetic make-up wasn't focused.
NYSSA: So that could have caused the cell hybridisation which we witnessed.
DOCTOR: In the vicinity of this house, yes.
NYSSA: All that pain and hatred I felt in the Sea room. The poor things.
DOCTOR: I'm guessing, of course, but it does seem to fit the facts.
MONICA: I've done the best I can. Have I missed you handing out the explanations, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes, but you're not too late to help us block up the door to the Earth room. Here. It won't take our latest Permian long to clamber through that hole in the wall.
MONICA: Permian?
DOCTOR: It's almost free. We haven't much time.

BRETT: We'll take the Range Rover.
TULUNG: You never said you'd found a way into the dig. I thought it was sealed forever. God damn you! You never told me.
BRETT: Gaborik arranged for its reopening in secrecy soon after I hired him. He ensured nobody found out.
TULUNG: All will come out in time, eh, Gaborik? Just as you said.
BRETT: It didn't make sense. None of it made sense, until now.
TULUNG: Those monsters are still out there.
BRETT: It doesn't matter. I have to know I'm right.
TULUNG: Nyssa. She'll protect me. Keep her safe. She knows things.
BRETT: You really believe that?
TULUNG: I know it.
BRETT: Then we'll have to take her with us.
TULUNG: No. She won't just leave the Doctor.
BRETT: Then we'll have to make her.

MONICA: You said these Permian things were carnivores.
DOCTOR: Yes.
MONICA: So might they try to eat each other? Dinosaurs always do in the movies.
DOCTOR: I imagine they would have to feed on each other periodically to keep their genetic structure from altering too far.
MONICA: That could solve all our problems.
DOCTOR: They could well have been territorial, Monica. Hunted in packs?
MONICA: Bugger.
DOCTOR: And of course, they've never tasted something as relatively sophisticated as a human before.
NYSSA: They could learn from it?
DOCTOR: It's a possibility.
MONICA: Perhaps I should just sacrifice myself now, then. If they genetically absorb my diet, they'll turn vegetarian and our troubles will be over.
DOCTOR: That's very noble of you, and if they inherit your tea-making skills into the bargain (Roars.)
MONICA: No sense of humour, have they.
(Distant banging.)
DOCTOR: Our friend in the Sea room.
NYSSA: I'll check the barricade's holding while I'm there.
DOCTOR: Be careful.
MONICA: When we've piled up the last paint tin, then can we go?
DOCTOR: When we've done all we can here, yes, then we need to get help. I'm not entirely without influence in this time period. Perhaps if we get to Anchorage
MONICA: Whoa, hold on. What do you mean, in this time period?
DOCTOR: Sorry. As you said earlier, you missed me handing out the explanations.

(Banging and roars. Footsteps approach.)
NYSSA: Got you.
BRETT: Hello, Nyssa.
NYSSA: Oh, it's you.
BRETT: Yes. It's us.
NYSSA: Are you recovered?
BRETT: There is much to be recovered, Nyssa.
TULUNG: Please, Nyssa, come with us.
NYSSA: Where? Tulung, what's wrong?
BRETT: But you know all the answers, don't you, Nyssa.
NYSSA: Get out of my way, please.
TULUNG: We won't be safe without you, Nyssa..
NYSSA: The Doctor will be taking us all away to get help soon.
BRETT: No, my dear. Little Tulung and I have other business to settle, and he really won't

travel without his guardian spirit.
NYSSA: Stay away from me!

NYSSA [OC]: Doctor!
MONICA: What was that?
DOCTOR: Come on.
(Running.)

DOCTOR: Nyssa!
BRETT: Back, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What is this?
BRETT: We asked her so nicely, Doctor, but she simply wouldn't listen.
NYSSA: Doctor!
DOCTOR: What is it you want?
BRETT: From you, Doctor, nothing.
NYSSA: He's taking the car.
MONICA: No! That's our only chance to get away from here.
BRETT: My dear Monica, do be reasonable. I think I'm allowed to take my own vehicle where I choose.
TULUNG: We're going to the dig.
DOCTOR: Why take Nyssa? She's done you no harm.
TULUNG: And no harm will come to us whilst we remain with her.
DOCTOR: Oh, Tulung.
MONICA: They're raving mad.
DOCTOR: Brett, listen to me. There's no need for this. We can all go
BRETT: Stay away from me, Doctor. Take another step and I'll break your little friend's neck.
NYSSA: (strangled) Doctor.
(Distant rumble.)
DOCTOR: I warn you, Brett. Harm her and I'll
MONICA: Doctor! What was that?
TULUNG: We must leave.
BRETT: Goodbye, Doctor, Monica. Please, don't try to follow us.
DOCTOR: Nyssa, don't struggle. Do as he says. We'll find you.
(Door closes.)
MONICA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Is there another vehicle, Monica? Anything at all.
MONICA: Doctor, listen. It's the Sea room.
DOCTOR: Come on.

(Splashing in water.)
MONICA: What's happening in there?
DOCTOR: I'm a fool. I should have realised. The Permians can harness the ancient energy of their own world.
MONICA: The materials in the Sea room?
DOCTOR: The sea water, the tidal forces. It's a natural power plant, and that creature can harness it to get free.
MONICA: Five hundred thousand gallons of Arctic seawater!
DOCTOR: The barricade's giving way. Quickly!
(Splashing. Metal creaking.)
MONICA: Another one's going to get out.
(Crash, roar!)
MONICA: It's no good!
(Monica screams.)

[Part Four]

DOCTOR: If we can reach the stairs.
(Monica screams again.)

(Driving.)
NYSSA: You have to go back.
BRETT: Do I? And why is that?
NYSSA: We need to warn the world what's been discovered here.
BRETT: Many things have been discovered, Nyssa. Many things brought to the surface.
TULUNG: It is time to face them.
NYSSA: Tulung, I can't believe you're letting him do this.
TULUNG: You have to come with me, Nyssa. You know the spirit, you'll keep me safe.
NYSSA: That's nonsense! You can't
TULUNG: You'll keep me safe.
NYSSA: Why should I? You're, you're angering me, Tulung. Don't force me to. I'll make the spirits
BRETT: I wouldn't try to threaten us like that, my dear. You're really not very good at it.
NYSSA: Tulung, you're running away. You're leaving the Doctor and Monica to die, just as Brett's father abandoned yours.
BRETT: Enough!
TULUNG: Brett, maybe she's
BRETT: Oh, my little Tulung, you're not running away. No more than you've been running for years, chasing after your father. Just think! When you've seen my surprise, you'll finally be able to stop running at last.
TULUNG: I'm sorry, Nyssa. I have to see this through. He's right.
NYSSA: Is he? When those Permian creatures break free, you'll never be able to stop running.

(Water sloshing about.)
DOCTOR: Early bath.
MONICA: It's freezing. Doctor, are you? Oh, my God.
DOCTOR: What?
MONICA: Permians everywhere. Look, they're all around us in the water there.
DOCTOR: Monica, Monica, it's all right. Look, it's just animal bones. The water must have washed those carcasses out from the Bone room.
MONICA: Oh. God, how embarrassing. So much for the barricades. My mountain of paint tins didn't stay standing for long.
DOCTOR: The force of water under that pressure. Now where's
(Roar.)
DOCTOR: Get back!
(Stomping.)
DOCTOR: Now then, by the look of you, you must be the second one. Not quite so fast on your feet, still adapting. Dazed by the water? (sotto) Monica, that paint. I need it, quickly.
MONICA: Paint? Oh, why not.
DOCTOR: And another. Right, here we go.
(Paint splosh.)
MONICA: What on Earth do you think you're doing?
DOCTOR: Throw that one over this.
MONICA: I did tell you how much that paint cost, didn't I?
DOCTOR: Come on, it must be covered completely.
MONICA: Why? So it looks prettier while it's chasing us to our deaths? (more sploshes) Oh dear, oh silly me. Synthetic materials again.
DOCTOR: This stuff will actually coat the creature's body. Should make it weaker, force it to waste energy to try to burn it off.
(Sploshes then thud.)
DOCTOR: There we are now.
MONICA: This has been quite a night, hasn't it? I mean, just look at me. I'm soaking wet, I'm freezing
DOCTOR: Oh, I know, but look on the bright side.
MONICA: Bright side?
DOCTOR: You're a less garish shade of blue than our painted Permian is.
MONICA: Are you trying to cajole me out of my petulant moaning with weak humour?
DOCTOR: Er, yes. Yes, I expect I probably am.
MONICA: Thought so. Look, it's fine. I'm afraid I always get a bit petulant and ratty in a crisis. Doesn't help, I know. There's your friend to think about.

DOCTOR: Yes. Just what are Brett and Tulung up to?
MONICA: It's the Permians, isn't it, affecting their minds.
DOCTOR: The human brain should be advanced enough for them to shake off the influences. Nyssa did. But if the individual is disturbed anyway. Brett was only young when his father died, wasn't he.
MONICA: Little more than a kid. You've seen what he's like. He's never got over it.
DOCTOR: Indeed. Think about it. He leads a pretty solitary life, keeps his emotions well hidden, and wants to keep those closest to him under his control.
MONICA: A driven man?
DOCTOR: I'd say it's more likely symptoms of some kind of post-traumatic stress disorder. Add the Permian influence into that mix.
MONICA: Terrific.
DOCTOR: Do you know the way to this dig they mentioned?
MONICA: Not really. And especially not at night, not on foot.
DOCTOR: Oh, Nyssa. We have to leave here.
MONICA: Hallelujah.
DOCTOR: There's no way of containing the Permians now they've demonstrated their power. They're just too strong.
MONICA: So we just let them roam free?
DOCTOR: I don't see another way. We have to find Nyssa. I've got the tracker. It'll help us find the Permians out on the ice later, when we've got reinforcements. Where's the nearest settlement from here?
MONICA: Evansville, a few miles away. You think the creatures will head for there?
DOCTOR: If they're hungry, they'll head straight for food. We just have to hope we can get help before they get too far.
MONICA: On the subject of which, why hasn't our friend in the Sea room come looking?
DOCTOR: I don't know. We'd better see.
MONICA: Me and my big mouth.

(Walking on snow.)
TULUNG: Where's the entrance?
BRETT: Hidden. Move those rocks out of the way. I'll hold the girl.
TULUNG: Clever. You'd never know anyone had disturbed this place.
BRETT: Naturally. I'd hate to undo all your sterling work with the natives by being seen to trespass on these badlands. It's a wonderful view here in the chilly daylight, Nyssa. The Koyukuk running its relentless course, the chunks of ice battering at the banks as they are dutifully carried out to sea the churning water. A truly inspiring sight.
NYSSA: I'm sure.
BRETT: Hmm. What a shame we can only hear the river tonight in the darkness, just as you will only hear the creatures its cold waters attract as they shuffle nearer and nearer. Creatures answering to you, if Tulung is to be believed.
NYSSA: He's not well. His mind's been affected. Your mind is being affected.
BRETT: If only I could trust you to help him move the rocks and uncover the opening. You're his guardian spirit. You should be ministering to him.
NYSSA: Ow!
BRETT: Shouldn't you?
NYSSA: Leave me alone.
BRETT: Is that truly your wish, my dear?
TULUNG: We can get through now.
BRETT: Then assuredly I shall. Tulung, there's some rope in the back of the car. Fetch it for me.
TULUNG: Why?
BRETT: So we can be sure your pretty turnak (?sp) here will do what we brought her along for.
NYSSA: What are you going to do?
BRETT: What a becoming guard dog you'll make, Nyssa, tied up out here.
NYSSA: No!
BRETT: Oh, yes.
NYSSA: Tulung. Tulung, please.
TULUNG: It won't be for long, Nyssa. I'll come back for you, but I have to do this. I have to be strong.

NYSSA: I can help you, but you must let me go first. You're not well.
TULUNG: Keep the creatures away, Nyssa.
NYSSA: Tulung. The rational and the spiritual, Tulung. Only you can choose. Only you.
BRETT: Take care, my dear. Do scream nice and loudly if you feel something's creeping closer and closer, won't you?

(Dripping water.)
MONICA: There's, there's no sign of it.
DOCTOR: 'Twas the night before Christmas and all over the house nothing was stirring, not even
MONICA: A moose? Sorry.
DOCTOR: A mess would perhaps be more accurate.
MONICA: You're telling me. Look at it. So much for preserving Alaska's unspoilt coastline.
DOCTOR: A rather gloomy mess at that.
MONICA: I can't hear anything moving though, can you?
DOCTOR: No, but I suppose the Permian may be hurt, lying here somewhere. Do we have to wait until dawn for some light in here?
MONICA: There's an override switch.
DOCTOR: Where?
MONICA: Along this wall, about twenty feet into that nice patch of pitch-blackness there.
DOCTOR: Stay here.
MONICA: Oh, must I? All right.
(Footsteps, power on.)
DOCTOR: There. I hate being left in the dark.
MONICA: Oh my God, look at that.
DOCTOR: So that's why there's no sign of our creature.
MONICA: The rock face, the entire far wall, just fallen away?
DOCTOR: I imagine it held enough hollows and passages to be badly weakened when you built into it. The tsunami our Permian friend whipped up was enough to finish it off.
MONICA: But if the Permian's gone through that hole and not come out again
DOCTOR: It does rather suggest a passageway of some kind, doesn't it. But leading where?
(Roar!)
MONICA: Oh no, not again.
DOCTOR: It's recovering, coming this way. We'll have to take that passageway ourselves.
MONICA: What, and risk running into the other one?
DOCTOR: There's no other way. Come on.

BRETT: Wait. I placed some lights here.
(Match lit.)
TULUNG: (gasp) Raven Father!
BRETT: Drink in the devastation, my little Tulung, eh? Take a long, long look. Like me, I imagine you've been here in your dreams so many times.
TULUNG: Why did you never tell me you'd been here?
BRETT: I planned to do more than simply tell you.
TULUNG: What?
BRETT: Quiet now. What's wrong with you? Give the moment it's due reverence. This cold, dank air was the last your father tasted, lying there, in this frozen mud, as Alivum formed its frothing walls of blood and salt water about him.
TULUNG: Brett. Brett, these bones littering the floor, they're like
BRETT: The creatures? It's so obvious now, isn't it? The same spirits that have come crawling up from the dead land to finally make us see what really happened. I couldn't make sense of it until I saw them tonight.
TULUNG: Those things killed my father?
BRETT: Yes. But my father was too fast for them. He must have sealed off the dig deliberately. Yes, I see it now.
TULUNG: He left his party to die, men and women he was responsible for. He left my father to die.
BRETT: He had to, you fool. He had to! He had to trap the spirits underground in their own lair, keep the Land of the Dead away from the living. He was the leader, and so he took the initiative, took strong decisive action, and nobody ever believed him.

TULUNG: He ran.
BRETT: No.
TULUNG: The dig fell in as the creatures ran amok down here. It must have been that. An act of God isn't strong decisive action.
BRETT: God, little Tulung? God has no dominion over this Land of the Dead.
TULUNG: And neither do your warped imaginings.
BRETT: I offer you the truth at long last, and all you can think
TULUNG: The truth? No. No, the inquest showed the dig fell in. You know that. The few bodies they managed to recover were crushed by the fall. The others were swept away into the sea. They were never found.
BRETT: Look around you, Tulung! Look more closely at those bones. Go on. Look.

(Scraping rope against rock.)
NYSSA: Come on. Oh, this stupid rope. Come on!

(Walking in water, whispering.)
MONICA: I wish we'd brought a torch.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Keep hold of my hand.
MONICA: A huge enormous gun would have been quite useful too.
DOCTOR: Don't be too sure. That's a pretty formidable energy field the Permians generate. Projectile weapons may do them no harm at all.
MONICA: Comforting. Thanks for that.
DOCTOR: You're welcome.
(Distant roar.)
DOCTOR: It's still coming after us.
MONICA: Of course it is. Wouldn't be a proper nightmare otherwise, would it?
DOCTOR: Watch out, the passage narrows here.
MONICA: Permians to the left of them, Permians to the right of them.
DOCTOR: Try to keep quiet.
MONICA: Okay, sorry. Can I just say my shoes are entirely ruined, by the way.
DOCTOR: Evidently you can. Can't hear anything up ahead yet.
MONICA: Oh God, the water's getting deeper, isn't it. You know, I reckon that in a crisis, once I'm past my petulant stage, I start wittering on about anything. I think I find it comforting.
DOCTOR: Ah. And after the wittering stage?
MONICA: I've never been in a big enough crisis to find out.
DOCTOR: Well, there's something to look forward to.

TULUNG: These bones, they're human remains.
BRETT: At last you understand.
TULUNG: But, but, the inquest.
BRETT: Faked. It must have been. How could my father let anyone know what really happened here? What special death lay here, buried with our own. He sealed it off, left it all in the darkness here for thirty years.
TULUNG: How, how could he have faked it?
BRETT: With money. With money, Tulung. You think it takes much to buy the silence of a few
TULUNG: I don't mean that. I mean, how could he? All those years, I always knew your father to be a liar.
BRETT: Your words mean nothing to me. When I came here, when I realised the skeletons in my father's closet were white and shiny and real, then I realised I had to have my Bone room. A showcase, a shrine. Ah, I'm not ashamed of the past now. These bones are a glory, an asset. They must be displayed, exhibited, celebrated.
TULUNG: Are you sick, twisted? Wait. (clink) Wait. This finger, the ring. My mother had one, identical. And this bag, his initials. It must belong to my father.
BRETT: Well, well.
TULUNG: You put my father's bones on display like, like they were trinkets. Oh, you filthy
(Thump! Struggle, more thumps.)

NYSSA: Come on! Tulung! Brett! They're coming!
(Multiple distant roars.)

MONICA: We must have walked for miles.
DOCTOR: Shh.
(Distant thumping.)
MONICA: What's that noise up ahead?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure.
(Roar behind them.)
DOCTOR: I think we're going to have to find out.

(Fight continues.)
NYSSA [OC]: Tulung!
TULUNG: That's Nyssa. Brett, Brett, the animals must be coming for us.
BRETT: You're lying in the same muck that washed in with those creatures, Tulung, all those millions of years ago, sleeping in this very rock. Listen.
(Movement in water.)
BRETT: Now they come for me, even as they came for my father. They come for men of destiny!
DOCTOR: Er, not quite yet, I'm afraid.
BRETT: Doctor?
MONICA: Man of destiny? You sound like a pillock.
DOCTOR: Tulung, are you all right?
TULUNG: Doctor, it's Nyssa.
DOCTOR: Where is she?
TULUNG: At the cavern mouth up there.
BRETT: How did you get here?
DOCTOR: A short cut, it would appear, but I'm afraid we've brought company. Now, we have to work together. Whatever your differences, you must put them aside.
TULUNG: Never. Not after this.
DOCTOR: We're all getting out of here. There's no time to lose.
NYSSA [OC]: Tulung! The hybrids! They're almost here!
(Stomp, roar.)
DOCTOR: Ah.
BRETT: Just as before.
DOCTOR: Monica, up there, quickly. Get Nyssa.
MONICA: Right.
DOCTOR: Tulung, back away with me, very, very slowly.

NYSSA: Oh. Oh. There.
(Rope breaks.)
MONICA: Nyssa? Nyssa
NYSSA: I'm here.
MONICA: Thank God, you're
NYSSA: Look out!
MONICA: (squeals) You know, I had hoped to get away without seeing one of those things.
NYSSA: It's the Permians, they draw these poor creatures to them.
MONICA: I'm not sure what's so poor about them, horrible great things.
NYSSA: The hybrids are sent mad by the process. They don't understand what's happened. They can only lash out blindly at the world that's left them like this.
MONICA: Sound like anyone you know?
NYSSA: Brett.
MONICA: But you fought it, got through it. Even Tulung seems to be more his old self now.
NYSSA: I don't think Brett has tried to fight it. Perhaps he's tired of trying to reason life out. Perhaps his world makes more sense this way.
MONICA: What a world. We'd better go.

(Clink of bones.)
TULUNG: Doctor, what are you doing?

DOCTOR: Becoming ever more desperate. Ah.
TULUNG: How can the creature's dead bones help us?
DOCTOR: Let's find out. Spin bowl, I think. Quick, Tulung, help me find any others.
BRETT: I must stop it, don't you see?
DOCTOR: Then help us. Find any Permian remains you can and throw them as hard as you can. If it thinks it's under attack from one of its own, it might buy us some time.
TULUNG: Time to do what?
DOCTOR: Well, time to think of another way of buying time, if nothing else. Ah, Nyssa, Monica.
NYSSA: Doctor, there must be over twenty of the hybrids coming this way.
DOCTOR: So many. How can the Permians be attracting
NYSSA: There, look at them all.
MONICA: Great.
TULUNG: Five, six.
MONICA: They must have been freed when the rock face collapsed.
TULUNG: We must have stirred them up with the bones, Doctor. They're attacking each other.
DOCTOR: No, no, look. The first one, it's holding sway.
MONICA: Older and wiser?
NYSSA: Because it consumed Gaborik.
DOCTOR: Must be. It's developed rudimentary reasoning already, worked out that the pack is stronger if they don't fight among themselves.
NYSSA: But if its intelligence can increase so quickly as a result of exposure to just one human
DOCTOR: Imagine a colony of them, decimating the population of an entire country. They could have space travel in a matter of months.
NYSSA: Doctor, if they feed on you as a Time Lord
DOCTOR: Yes, I know.
NYSSA: And with the Tardis so near by. What can we do?
DOCTOR: Caught in the middle, there'll be a feeding frenzy .
TULUNG: Wait.
NYSSA: Tulung, where are you going?
TULUNG: My father's lying over here, what's left of him. I found his ring, his pack. I want them with me when
MONICA: Yeah. Is there nothing we can do?
DOCTOR: I'm open to suggestions.
MONICA: What are they waiting for?
NYSSA: Is it a strategy?
DOCTOR: Or perhaps their leader's simply teaching them the concept of savouring the moment.
MONICA: Whatever, we're as good as dead.
DOCTOR: Dead? Wait a minute.
NYSSA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Those Permian remains, they're not just dormant like the others were, they're dead, broken, the energy field that animated them destroyed.
NYSSA: What killed them?
DOCTOR: That's precisely what we need to know.
TULUNG: Brett?
BRETT: I can't stop them.
TULUNG: Brett, if it wasn't a rock fall, what sealed off the dig? What stopped these creatures getting out?
NYSSA: Doctor, have you noticed the walls? When we came down just now, i saw the rock was blackened.
DOCTOR: Soot. That's it.
MONICA: Hallelujah, soot.
DOCTOR: Not just the soot. Remember the scanner, Nyssa? The plume of smoke we saw? This was an archaeological expedition, they must have had blasting explosives for controlled detonations.
NYSSA: And the explosives killed the Permians?
DOCTOR: Fire. It's so simple it's almost ridiculous. An ancient force to fight an ancient threat. A substance too volatile for them to harness its energy.
MONICA: It'll destroy them?
DOCTOR: Or entomb them again.

TULUNG: Wait, my father's pack. Yes, here.
MONICA: God, it actually looks like dynamite too. How wonderfully retro.
TULUNG: Only one stick left.
BRETT: My father killed them all.
TULUNG: No, Brett. You see? *My* father was carrying the explosives. *He* must have set them off. He took his own life to destroy these things. You see?
DOCTOR: All that can wait. Quickly now.
NYSSA: Here they come!
TULUNG: Brett, your lighter.
BRETT: No. Give me that.
TULUNG: Oh, don't be a fool!
DOCTOR: Tulung, Brett, stop! There isn't time for this.
BRETT: Only I can kill them.
TULUNG: Brett!
(Brett screams, then kaBOOM!)
TULUNG: Oh, Brett. You could never be wrong, could you.
MONICA: Are they all dead?
NYSSA: I can't see. The smoke.
(Roar.)
DOCTOR: No, no, it wasn't enough. Look, their leader's still alive.
MONICA: That is so typical.
TULUNG: That one too.
DOCTOR: Quickly, while they're distracted.
MONICA: You mean while they're finishing off the first cooked meal they've ever tasted.
NYSSA: And the hybrids.
MONICA: Oh God, you know I've threatened to be sick a few times.
DOCTOR: There's nothing we can do. This way.

NYSSA: Poor Brett.
DOCTOR: Yes, I know.
TULUNG: We all know. All of us saw how it happened. At least that's something.
DOCTOR: We must get back to the house. If their leader has absorbed Brett too, it'll be more dangerous than ever.
MONICA: Joy of joys. Oh, by the way, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes?
MONICA: I think that after my wittering phase, I go sort of calmer but a bit more sarcastic. Just so you know I'm really getting something out of all this.
DOCTOR: I'm so pleased our time together hasn't been wasted. Now, move!

(Wading in water, distant roar.)
DOCTOR: Look out!
(Rocks move, all cry out, splash!)
DOCTOR: Is everyone all right?
NYSSA: Yes.
TULUNG: Uh huh.
MONICA: Nice to have the option of being crushed to death rather than being ripped into tiny pieces, though.
TULUNG: Doctor, if we could bring down some more of these rocks.
DOCTOR: Good thinking, Tulung. It might slow them down. Help me. Nyssa, Monica, keep going. It can't have been easy, facing up to all of that back there.
TULUNG: Oh, my mind's felt so foggy for so long, but now
DOCTOR: Yes?
TULUNG: Well, if I can live through all this, well, I can leave my evil spirits down there in Adlivum. Like the past, they belong to the dead.
DOCTOR: While we, Tulung, belong very much to the living.
(Splash!)
DOCTOR: Come on. This won't hold them back for long. We must get back to the house.

TULUNG: And then what do we do?
DOCTOR: Destroy it.

NYSSA: Doctor!
DOCTOR: There's absolutely no time to lose.
MONICA: There never is, is there.
DOCTOR: We must wait until the Permians are inside, then burn this house to the ground.
MONICA: Burn it?
DOCTOR: Does deafness follow the sarcasm in a crisis?
MONICA: Pardon?
DOCTOR: Obviously.
NYSSA: You're going to wipe out these creatures?
DOCTOR: Nature turned her back on the Permians two hundred and sixty million years ago. Their time has passed. We cannot allow them free rein in a future that isn't theirs.
NYSSA: But it's all soaking wet in here. How can we
DOCTOR: Monica, your terribly expensive and exotic paint?
MONICA: Right again. Flammable.
TULUNG: What are we waiting for?
DOCTOR: Eureka.

(Lots of growling and stomping in water.)

NYSSA: Doctor, we've covered as much as we can along the corridor.
MONICA: The Timber room should go up a treat.
DOCTOR: Excellent. See if you can find any good combustible materials from upstairs. We can't take any chances. This is our only hope. Tulung, help me here.
TULUNG: What are we gonna do?
DOCTOR: I'm going to set a trap.
TULUNG: What will be your bait?
DOCTOR: You're talking to him.
TULUNG: Oh, you're crazy.
DOCTOR: It's not a risk I take lightly, Tulung. Now listen. The creatures must all be contained when we start the fire. We can't risk them turning round and escaping the same way they came.
TULUNG: So?
DOCTOR: I'll lead them into the Stone room, then I'll climb through that hole in the wall to the Earth room. The second they follow me through, you must light the blue touch-paper. Whoomph!
TULUNG: Goes up in flames.
DOCTOR: With any luck they should be trapped, unable to get back out through the fire.
TULUNG: What about you?
DOCTOR: Oh, I'll close the Earth room door very firmly behind me and join you round here. We'll make sure the fire spreads and
TULUNG: Perhaps call it a day?
DOCTOR: Why not.
MONICA: More kindling. The rest of my wardrobe. Might as well torch the lot, eh?
DOCTOR: A fresh start?
MONICA: More of a frozen one, I guess, but, yeah. I want it all left behind.
(Distant roar.)
DOCTOR: Well, this isn't finished yet. Quickly, get back. They've got to follow me.
NYSSA: Doctor, you'll be killed.
DOCTOR: Only lightly singed, I hope.
TULUNG: Do as he says, Nyssa. Come on.
(Stomping.)
DOCTOR: Ah, there you are. Oh dear, mucky feet. And we only just painted that floor too.

NYSSA: Be careful, Doctor.
TULUNG: So far so good.

MONICA: He wants them to follow him in there.
TULUNG: Now we end this.

DOCTOR: Come on, come on. Tulung, now!
(Whoosh, roars, door slams.)
MONICA: I'll set light to the other rooms, hurry things along a bit.
NYSSA: All right. Doctor, are you safe?
DOCTOR: Nyssa, Tulung, help me.
(Banging on door.)
DOCTOR: Have to hold on.
NYSSA: They understand doors!
DOCTOR: We can't let them out.
TULUNG: The heat.
(Roaring and rattling of door knob eventually slows and stops. Everyone is coughing.)
MONICA: That's done it. The whole place is going up.
DOCTOR: Time we were going ourselves. Come on.

(Walking on snow.)
MONICA: Dawn's breaking.
DOCTOR: So it is.
MONICA: So please, can I wake up now?
DOCTOR: Mmm. No more nightmares.
MONICA: What? You call being stranded in the middle of freezing nowhere with nothing more than the soaking wet clothes I'm standing in, having just worked my bum off for three years for absolutely nothing, not a nightmare?
DOCTOR: Ah, but just breathe in that clean northern air.
(Monica coughs.)
DOCTOR: When the smoke's blowing away from us, naturally. Doesn't it make you glad to be alive?
MONICA: Glad to be? (sighs) You're right. Typical. You always have to be right, don't you. Always.
TULUNG: Razed to the ground. It's all gone, Brett. All gone.
NYSSA: What will you do now, Tulung?
TULUNG: Now? I don't know.
NYSSA: Move on?
TULUNG: Perhaps. Now more than ever I feel the importance of the beliefs of my people, how they can be married to the rational, or mix like the two bloods inside me that feed my veins. But I think, I hope, I have learned which to let lead me on.
NYSSA: I'm glad.
DOCTOR: Well, Nyssa. Time we were heading back to the Tardis.
NYSSA: Is it safe to do so?
DOCTOR: I imagine any remaining hybrids would find it hard to survive long without the energies of the Permians.
NYSSA: Poor creatures.
TULUNG: What is the Tardis?
DOCTOR: Our transport.
MONICA: Any chance of a lift, then?
NYSSA: I can honestly say you'll find Brett's vehicle back at the dig a lot more reliable.
DOCTOR: Nyssa.
NYSSA: If we got the Tardis working properly again, do you think you could stop landing us in danger all the time?
DOCTOR: Oh Nyssa, I do hope not. Goodbye, Monica, Tulung.
MONICA: Bye.
TULUNG: Goodbye, Doctor, Nyssa.
(Walking.)
DOCTOR: You know, the settlers here often refer to Alaska as the last frontier.
NYSSA: Really, Doctor.
MONICA: Fancy a walk, Tulung, or are you enjoying the bonfire too much?
TULUNG: It's a long way back to the track, Miss Lewis.
MONICA: Have to start somewhere, don't we? And call me Monica, for God's sake. You've

known me long enough. Chilly, isn't it.
TULUNG: Mmm.
MONICA: You know, you can put your arm around me if you like.
TULUNG: Oh.
MONICA: That's better.